"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

CHILDREN'S RELIGIOUS SERVICE.—An eminent preacher does not believe in children's services as such; but wisely prefers that every service should have some adaptation to their wants.

NO OPINION.—The *Churchman* believes that "the bland man who is equally the friend of all sects, schools, and parties, and who regards one as good as another, is the friend of none, and regards them all as of little value.

THE ONE SALVATION.—We heartily endorse the sentiment of a contemporary—"We need to abandon the notion of an external salvation. The only salvation which the conscience can accept is a salvation from sinning and from the rule of sin. We need to harmonise religion and life, distinctly recognising that our daily life is one of the very chiefest ways in which God works for our discipline and developments.

THE ARAB'S PROOF.—Some years ago a Frenchman, who like many of his countrymen, had won a high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is the author of all science, was crossing the great Sahara in company with an Arab guide. He noticed, with a sneer, that at certain times, his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and, kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed, till at last one evening the philosopher, when he rose from his knees, asked him with a contemptuous smile—"How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his eyes on the scoffer, for a moment, in wonder, and then said solemnly—"How do I know that a man and not a camel passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot in the sand? Even so," and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the long desert, "that footprint is not that of a man."

METHODIST discipline was well illustrated at an American Conference a month or two ago, by the statement of Bishop James that out of 10,000 preachers stationed by the Bishop the past year, only three have declined to accept their appointments, and not a single church rejected its preacher.

THE POPE.—The Pope has again been cursing the Italian people for saying they would like to have a vote in the selection of the next Pope. It is said that his Holiness believes in omens, for he is always talking about them. Has he heard the prediction that "the Pope who shall wear the tiara more than thirty years shall have no successor?" and that other one, "That when the last niche (there is but one now unoccupied) in St. Peter's Cathedral receives the statue of a Pope no other will be required?"

DOCTRINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.—Mr. Moody succeeds by his anecdotes. He never minds missing links or unwarranted analogies. Take for instance the story he so often tells about Napoleon ordering a draft. "There was a man who did not want to go, so he took along a substitute who was accepted. A battle came and the substitute was killed. Then there was another draft and by mistake the man was drawn again. But he said: 'You can't take me; I'm dead.' 'Why you must be crazy,' they answered; 'you are alive.' 'I'm dead, I tell you; I was killed in such a battle.' They searched the draft-rolls and found how it was. The man persisted in his refusal to go, and the case was carried to the Emperor, who decided that the man was right. The great Emperor of Heaven recognises substitution. Christ has suffered for us. We have broken the law, but Christ is the end of the law for righteousness. Christ is man's salvation. Even if we have broken the law we are all right as Christ has satisfied the law." In this Mr. Moody entirely ignores what he says in another sermon, that one man cannot answer for another in the roll of heaven, that religion is a personal affair or nothing at all.

BRIDGWATER.—In the paper called the *Christian* the following item appears :—"Prayer is earnestly requested for Trinity Church, Bridgwater, that a true servant of God may be sent to minister to the salvation of souls, exalting Christ above ordinances——For Morpeth and neighbourhood, that faithful evangelists may be sent to labour there." We presume Bridgwater and Morpeth are troubled with Ritualists.

TRIBULATION.—The word tribulation is derived from the agriculture of the Romans, As thrashing separated the grain of wheat, so by tribulation the moral character was to be refined, and the trivial separated from the good. The instrument which separated the corn from the husk was called *tribulum*, and the term tribulation was applied by a Christian writer, in an early age, to sorrows, as a means of fitting man for the heavenly garner.

LETTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—An assertion was made some time ago by a man who professed to know the late President Lincoln's view about religion, that he had no belief about God or Christ at all. We copy, from an American paper, the following letter which we believe to be the genuine feeling of his heart, written to a Quaker lady, September 4, 1864.
Eliza P. Gurney.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND : I have not forgotten, probably never shall forget, the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me on a Sabbath forenoon two years ago, nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God. I am much indebted to the Christian people of this country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to none of them more than yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a termination of this terrible war long before this, but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom and our own error therein. Meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best light He gives us, trusting that so working will conduce to the great ends He ordains. Surely He intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make and no mortal could stay. Your people, the Friends, have had, and are having, a very great trial. In principle and faith opposed to both war and oppression, they can only oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma some have chosen one horn and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds I have done, and shall do, the best I could and can in my own conscience, under my oath to the law. That you believe this I doubt not, and, believing it, I shall still receive for our country and myself your earnest prayers to our Father in Heaven.
Your sincere Friend, A. LINCOLN.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE BIBLE.—It is cheering to find an eminent statesmen like Mr. Gladstone giving wise religious counsel to English workmen, when so many of them, under the teaching of some leaders, have lost faith in the Bible and Christianity. He says, "Whatever I may think of the pursuits of industry and science, and of the triumphs and glories of art, I do not mention any one of these things as the great specific for alleviating the sorrows of human life, and encountering the evils which deface the world. If I am asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life, as the power that is to sustain him under trials and enable him manfully to confront his affliction—I must point to something very different, to something which in a well-known hymn is called 'The old, old story.' It is this, 'old, old story,' told of in an old, old Book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind."

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Protestants are sometimes accused of exaggerating and misrepresenting the doctrines of the Catholic Church, especially that of transubstantiation or the change of the bread and wine by the prayer of the priest, into the "very body and blood and divinity" of the Lord Jesus Christ. But a contemporary quotes the following impious expressions of a Romish Pope and a Cardinal, on this subject, and says they are given with the original Latin, in Dowling's *History of Romanism*," pages 203, 204. "The hands of the pontiff," said Pope Urban in a great Roman Council, "are raised to an eminence granted to none of the angels, of creating God the Creator of all things, and of offering him up for the salvation of the whole world." "This prerogative," adds the same authority, "as it elevates the Pope above angels, renders pontifical submission to kings an execration." To all this the Sacred Synod, with the utmost unanimity, responded, Amen. Cardinal Biel extends this power to all the priests. "He that created me," says the cardinal, "gave me, if it be lawful to tell, to create himself." This power, Biel shows, exalts the clergy, not only above emperors and angels, but, which is a higher elevation, above Lady Mary herself. "Her ladyship," says the cardinal, "once conceived the Son of God and the Redeemer of the world ; while the priest daily calls into existence the same deity."

A LESSON ON WAR.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

CHILDREN reared and educated entirely under a mother's loving care invariably make the best men and women in the world. It was the knowledge of this fact that induced Mrs. Harfleur, when left a widow, to instruct her own daughters, three in number, and named respectively, Clara, Lucy, and Helen. Had she chosen she could have had the best masters and mistresses for her girls, for she had wealth at her command; but having received herself a very liberal education, she resolved to combine it with a mother's influence for the benefit of her children.

Her plan succeeded admirably. The daily task set with loving care was a pleasure to the youthful students, and the daily routine of study never assumed any other form than that of a meeting of a family thoroughly united in their hopes, desires, and aspirations. So the time passed, and the girls grew near womanhood; but with the change of years came the longing to see a little more of the outer world, which up to the present had been kept entirely hidden, or only revealed in very partial glimpses. This desire was not, however, gratified, for Mrs. Harfleur was no woman of fashion. Although she was, as the phrase goes, "well connected," she had learnt the hollowness of the world, and sought to wean her daughters from its allurements and snares.

But the girls were young, and their eyes and ears were easily caught by pleasing sights and sounds. A band of music, or a pageant, oft disturbed their studies, and drew the students to the window, when after gazing or listening, as the case might be, they would talk the subject over for awhile and return to their work. Mrs. Harfleur seldom forbade the exercise of their curiosity; but she sought at all times to turn it to a good account, and drew sermons from little and great things—from the staggering feet and hoarse unmeaning cry of the drunkard, the pitiful faces of homeless children, and the shouts of mobs of angry men who sought redress for the wrongs of ages.

Those were troublesome times; there were wars abroad and disturbances at home. All Europe rocked with the internal convulsions of nations, and the fierce struggles of country against country. The plains that should have gleamed with golden corn ran with the ghastly gore which flowed from the wounds of the dying. The reaping-hook was cast aside, the ploughshare hidden in the barn, and the reaper and ploughman, with angry face, went forth to fight. Wives and children remained at home trembling and praying for the men—a few of whom only returned unhurt, while thousands crawled back with shattered limbs, and untold numbers crumbled to dust upon the battle-fields.

Such was the state of things when, one morning, the now familiar sound of fife and drum fell upon the ears of the mother and her three daughters. In a moment the latter were at the window, looking down with admiration upon the red-coated warriors marching towards the coast, there to embark for a foreign land and meet the foe. As a sight, it was attractive enough; the young officers with swords drawn, the men with sloping bayonets, the strains of martial music, and the cheering crowd. The hearts of the young girls beat high, and a flush spread over their cheeks, which Mrs. Harfleur marked with a little apprehension, for she knew the value of that passing show; but she said nothing until the sound of music and steady tramp of men had died away, and the street was still again. Then, pointing to the table, she said,

'You may put these books away, my dears. I will give you another lesson this morning—a lesson on war." The girls looked surprised, and Clara, who was the most impulsive of the three, exclaimed,

"A lesson on war—oh, how delightful!"

"Wait until you hear my story," said Mrs. Harfleur; then give me your opinion on the beauty of war."

The table was soon cleared, and the eager students having settled themselves, Mrs. Harfleur, after a moment's thinking, began her story.

"You must know, my dears," she

said, "that what I am about to relate is no fancy of mine, but the plain, sober, earnest truth, just as I received it from my brother, who died when you were quite young."

"I can just remember him," said Helen; "he used to be here very often, and his kind, patient face always drew me towards him."

"He was noble, generous, and all that we can look for in a man," returned her mother; "but his good qualities were partially hidden in his youth by an impulsive leaning towards the shows and pageants of the world. You need not blush, my dears, as this remark was made without my intending it to bear upon you; but if you wish to accept it with the object of avoiding his errors, I shall be very pleased indeed. In boyhood Arthur was fond of playing the soldier. To have a red cap on his head, and get a drum slung about his neck was his greatest joy; and I can see him now—a fair-haired child—strutting up and down the passages, beating out his childish martial music, and giving the word of command to shadowy hosts behind him. Would that all had remained a day-dream; but as he grew older his desire to enter the army became so great that it was plain he would never settle to anything else, and a commission, much against the will of his mother, was obtained for him.

"He had barely joined," continued Mrs. Harfleur, "when war was declared, and his regiment was ordered abroad to fight, what our rulers were pleased to call, the battles of our country. He—an only son—put on his scarlet coat and girded his sword upon his side, and went forth with the rest, leaving a sorrowing sister and a broken-hearted mother behind him. He bade us adieu early in the morning, and later on he passed by with his regiment, just as those soldiers passed half an hour ago. My mother dared not trust herself to look upon him again, for fear that her cries might unman him before his comrades; but I crept to the window, and looking out saw him marching steadily with his eyes to the front, boldly and fearlessly. Close behind him came just such another, Gerald Norton, his great friend and companion, who joined the regiment at the same time. I could see the people pointing at the two handsome boys—some in pity, some with admiration; but all lent their voices to urge them on to bloodshed. Not one man or woman seemed to remember the Divine command, 'Love one another.' No! Kings had quarrelled—ambition had aroused distrust, and the world had gone forth to kill and maim, to burn, rob, and destroy, and the people seemed content. The regiment embarked, and halfway across the sea fell in with an enemy's vessel. A desperate fight ensued, and the enemy's magazine blew up, sending nine-tenths of the officers and crew into eternity. A few were taken on board, but numbers, after a brief struggle for their lives, sank to rise no more. Here was Arthur's first taste of the glory of war, and with a troubled soul he awoke from his boyish dream and saw how ghastly was the awful work. But he had entered the lists as a soldier, and he could not leave them with a good name; so he went forward as a matter of honour, and in due time was landed in an enemy's country. Then began forced marches, short rations, sleepless nights, with the scouts of the foe around him. The chill evenings of autumn, giving promise of the winter, gave out their share of misery to men whose only couch was the bare ground, and only covering the canopy of heaven.

"But the men bore up bravely, and no grumbling voice was heard. Some of the weaker succumbed to fatigue, and were left behind to be picked up by the next advancing party. Beyond this they had suffered no loss, when they joined the main army. There all was bustle and apparent confusion; aides-de-camp hurrying hither and thither, men cleaning their arms, others drilling, and many falling into marching order. A few inquiries sufficed to inform Arthur that the enemy in strong numbers was approaching, and that a battle on the morrow was imminent.

"'And a tough battle it will be,' said an old soldier, whose weather-beaten face had many a scar upon it; 'when the sun goes down to-morrow evening, twenty thousand men will have seen their last of him.'

Arthur had never taken this view of a battle before; he had looked only upon the victor's side, and had never contemplated the other part of the question. No more had Gerald Norton; and as each thought of such a mighty host of men, now alive and well, to be to-morrow laid low in the dust, they shuddered; but both had been brought up in the one true faith, and commending their soul's to God's care, they lay down to rest. For a little while the noise and commotion around them kept their eyes open; but fatigue at length mastered them, and they fell asleep.

"In the morning they were awoke by the roll of the drum, and the sound of distant firing. 'Outposts already engaged,' was passed from mouth to mouth, and pieces of bread—the only meal which could be obtained—were passed from hand to hand. The word was given to fall in, and Arthur and Gerald took their places. Who can wonder if these young men—but little more than boys—were pale; but it was with excitement, not fear; both voice and step were firm.

"The enemy was posted on the other side of a river crossed by a bridge—both bridge and river being hidden from the majority of the soldiers by a long high ridge of land. It was over this ridge that the men were now ordered to advance. Arthur and Gerald saw the front regiment go up the slope, march steadily over the summit, and almost every soul disappear—for ever. The enemy, posted on vantage ground, rained such a fire of shot and bullets upon them that but few escaped.

"But still others moved steadily forward, and went to their death; rank after rank was shattered. Men lay in heaps—the dead and dying together; shrieks filled the air, and groans of anguish mingled with the roar of the cannon. The shouts of command, the neighing of steeds, and the rumble of the artillery, as it moved along, were heard on every side, while great clouds of smoke hid many a desperate struggle from view. When Arthur arrived upon the summit of the ridge, an awful scene opened out before him.

"Below was the river; on the other side a host of armed men, pouring a deadly fire upon the English army struggling across the shallows. On the bridge the struggle was desperate indeed; piles of men still in death, or writhing in untold agonies, overtopped the parapet, and climbing over them were other men, yelling like wolves, and thirsting for each other's blood. But he had no time to pause. 'Forward' was the word, and the regiment dashed on. A deadly fire was opened upon it, and half its number fell, among them Arthur and Gerald, who each received a desperate wound, and fell a few paces apart from each other, suffering intolerable agony.

"There they lay, helpless upon the slope, while their friends hurried on unheeding, and other troops passed by disregarding their cries of pain. Not one ear was open to their groans; not one eye fixed upon their quivering limbs; and there the boys lay weltering in their blood, as much alone, for all the sympathy they got, as if they had been upon a desert waste. The din and roar of the battle increased, victory leaning now on this side and now on that. Long lines of men were swept away as chaff before the wind, and horses lay scattered about like unripe fruit when autumn is at its full. The work of carnage increased as the sun rose up the sky, looking through the smoke as if that bright ruler of the day was also stained with blood.

"After a while the first great agony of their wounds subsided into numbness, and the two poor lads were able to exchange a few words. They tried to soothe each other with well-remembered words of comfort from the Word of God, and Gerald bade Arthur not to repine. 'God's will be done in all things,' he said, and then the rattle of approaching artillery was heard.

"'The reserves are coming up,' cried Arthur. 'I wonder if the day is going against us.'

"Before Gerald could reply the guns came over the ridge, drawn by horses white with foam—the drivers hot and furious with the frenzy of war. The men had no eyes for the wounded on the ground, and drove straight on. The horses, with a wondrous instinct, leaped over them, but the guns, alas! having

no life rolled heavily over many a wounded man. Arthur escaped by a hair's breadth; but poor Gerald—my very soul sickens as I repeat the story—was remorselessly crushed. Arthur beheld the horses leap over him, heard his cry, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' and then, then the guns rolled on, leaving the mangled, lifeless form of the boy behind them.

"Would that I could even faintly depict the horror which fell upon the surviving friend, for then I would cause you, my children, to loathe the pageant of war and its so-called *glory*. Arthur had seen enough, and as he lay behind the din of battle he vowed that should he survive he would put no other armour and fight other battles than those designed by man. He lived, as you know, for victory favoured our countrymen; and at night they returned, and removed the wounded from the field. Arthur was sent home; where he lay for many months, shattered in mind and body; but life and strength came back at last, and then he sent in his resignation.

"This brought on a great battle within himself; for his motives were misinterpreted by men, who declared that he was guided by fear, and pride urged him to renew the profession of arms. But his better spirit guided him to the end, and he kept firm to his resolve to have no more to do with the cruel art of war. He had thus early learnt the lesson that the martial music, the gay coat and glittering arms, are but the masks which hide the most terrible and brutal passions of men; and that the word 'glory' is but the password to gaping wounds, deadly injuries, and awful endings, for men who were led away by the cry of it.

"He could not reconcile it with the teachings of the Saviour, and failing that, he knew it must be wrong; so he devoted himself thenceforth to the preaching of peace. As for his courage, that was not long in doubt; for thrice in two years did he risk his life for others—once for a drowning madman, who had cast himself from a bridge, and twice when others were threatened with death by fire. These acts of bravery silenced his calumniators, and those who had reviled him most, frankly acknowledged their errors, and became his fastest friends. This is my story, my dear children, and I trust that you have learnt the lesson I intended to teach."

The faces of all showed that they had taken it to heart. Lucy alone gave vent to her feelings in words.

"I shall never look upon a soldier again," she said, "without thinking that it is the business of his life *to kill;* or listen to martial music again without fancying that every note is a wail of the wounded and dying."

If all the world would look upon armies with the same eyes, and listen to martial music with the same ears, the professon of the soldier would soon come to an end.—*Weekly Welcome.*

CHRIST OUR LIFE.

No man can be a true Christian if destitute of the life of Christ. He says, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." (John x. 10.)

"I am the way, the truth, and the life." (John xiv. 6.)

"I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." (John xi. 25.)

"I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." (John x. 28.)

"Because I live, ye shall live also." (John xiv. 19.)

"I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. ii. 20.)

"Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." (Col. iii. 3.)

Does the reader *feel* that he is a *living* Christian, and do his works testify to this important truth? Or is he *dead*—that is, stupid and indifferent to the welfare of humanity and the cause of Christ? There is one beautiful thought connected with this subject. The promise of Christ is that the time is coming when all souls shall be influenced by the life of Christ: "Glorify thy son, that thy son may also glorify thee; as thou hast given him power over *all flesh* that he should give eternal life *to as many as thou hast given him!*" (John vii. 2.)

THE FIELD OF CORN.

By F. L. Curtis.

I love the simple things of earth,
And every night and morn
For weeks and months I've watched with care
Yon field of growing corn.
I know that glory some can see
But in the thunder's roar,
Or the cataract's never ceasing rage,
Or the ocean's sounding shore.

But I, all simple though it seem,
Love every, every thing,
From the mountain eagle's fearless swoop
To the humbird's rainbow wing.
I love the tempests' wrath, when earth
Is quivering with the shock;
And oh, I love the violet pale,
Upspringing from the rock.

I love the dark and solemn night,
When the holy stars keep watch,
And I bend in joy o'er the firefly's lamp
Its first faint gleam to catch.
To me, the things that deck the earth
Are all of beauty born,
And, therefore, love I tenderly,
This pleasant field of corn.

I saw the swarthy labourer come
Each morning to his toil,
And watched the yellow grain that dropped
Into the mellow soil;
And soon, across the chequered field,
Hung dangling in the air,
Some hideous form, the fear of birds
That sought to banquet there.

The chattering blackbird gathered round,
A seeming endless brood;
And the raven came, and I thought, alas!
His young ones cried for food.
But still, though man with thoughts of gain
Be deaf to thy wants, O bird,
There yet is one by whose kind ear
Even ravens' cries are heard.

Soft showers descend and warm wind blows—
In countless ranks are seen,
Peering from out the dark brown earth,
The tender blades of green,
And yet the labourer comes again,
And cheerily doth toil
To draw around the tender roots
The nurture giving soil.

And when June breezes come and go
With music over earth,
The corn lifts up its widening bands,
And tosses them in mirth.
But the scorching suns of the fierce July
The winds in their prison keep,
And the fainting corn folds its broad arms
And sinks to deathlike sleep.

The waving grass, like the early dead,
In the pride of beauty falls;
And the maiden, tossing the new-mown hay,
To her mates with laughter calls.
The yellow wheat and the paler oats
Are bound in golden sheaves;
But the corn in its glory proudly waves
Its darkly glistening leaves.

The gentle winds in dalliance fond
With its silken tassels play,
For they're soft and bright as the sunny curls
O'er an infant's brow that stray.
Oh a goodly sight is a field of corn,
When it standeth in its bloom,
Its drooping flowerets wave on high
Like a gallant warrior's plume.

The truant boy, on his way to school,
Gathers the tender ears,
And over his fire by the old oak root
With anxious glances peers.
I feel that I could pardon him,
As he presses with eager lips
The fragrant ears of the juicy corn,
And the milky nectar sips.

But the glorious field hath changed its hue
'Neath the mellow, autumn sun;
It fades like the bright and good of earth,
And its work is almost done.
It knows that very soon will come
The winter's piercing breath,
And in patience it waits, like a good old man,
The reaper's work of death.

TO THE IDLER.

O weary one, O dreary one,
Look outward in the land;
Shake off the sloth and selfishness,
That cripples all thy usefulness,
And lend a helping hand.

For thousands toil and faint beneath
The burden of their care;
Whilst thou stand'st gazing idly by,
Too deeply sunk in apathy
To take the slightest share.

But God requires that all should work,
That each should help the other;
Reflect, one day He'll ask of thee,
And banished then all sophistry,
How hast thou helped thy brother?

O happy he, who in that day,
Can humbly, meekly cry—
"Lord, I have tried to use aright,
As far as Thou hast given me light,
My talents faithfully."

A. E. W.

THE WHOLE BIBLE ON THE TRINITY.

A WRITER in the *Liberal Christian* says, in reference to the Trinity, the following is from Hitchcock's Complete Analysis of the Bible, or all that the Bible says about the Trinity.

THE TRINITY FORESHADOWED.

Gen. i. 26.—And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

See Gen. iii. 22, xi. 7.

HINTED AT.

Eph. ii. 18.—For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father.

22.—In whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit.

iv. 4.—There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling.

5.—One Lord, one faith, one baptism.

6.—One God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in you all.

IMPLIED.

(See the Baptismal Formula, Matt. xxviii. 19.)

II. Cor. xiii. 14.—The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.

I. Peter i. 2.—Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ. Grace unto you, and peace be multiplied.

I. John v. 7.—For there are three that bear record in [heaven—the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one.

8.—And there are three that bear witness in earth]—the Spirit, and the Water, and the Blood; and these three agree in one.

[The words here inclosed in brackets are wanting in the best manuscripts like the Sinaitic and Vatican, and also in most of the ancient versions, and are now generally considered spurious.]

Yes, that is the whole testimony in favour of the Trinity to be found in Hitchcock's New and Complete Analysis of the Holy Bible; Revised and Edited by Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D., Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York City. MDCCCLXX.

Is it not almost equal to the famous chapter on Snakes in the History of Ireland? "There are no snakes in Ireland."

THE LAST HOURS OF A BRAVE MAN.

SOME months ago the English public were deeply pained at the fatal accident on the Underground Railway in London, which destroyed the life of a gallant servant of the Queen, who had, after a long life service in India, come home to see, and die among, his friends. It was his first day in London—we refer to Sir Donald MacLeod—and his last day in this world. An account of his last hours is before us, very touching, from the pen of a friend:

The accident happened about 5 p.m., and it was about an hour afterwards that I saw him in the accident ward of St. George's Hospital. He was laid upon a bed, awaiting an examination by the surgeon. There had been little or no hæmorrhage, and, owing to the shock, there was no pain; while the mind was clear. He suffered merely from discomfort and prostration of strength. On seeing me he smiled, and asked me to tell him what had happened to him.

His left arm, which was much crushed, was then removed while he was under the influence of ether. He was then placed in a bed in a small room, the surgeon pronouncing the case hopeless, and that he was sinking rapidly, and could not survive more than half an hour. (He lived more than two hours after this.) While the operation was being performed, I had gone to fetch his sister, Mrs. Hawkins; and, on returning to the hospital with her, we received this dreadful announcement.

On being conducted to his room, we found him lying quiety in bed with his eyes closed, surrounded by his father-in-law, Sir Robert Montgomery, a young friend who was staying with him, the lady superintendent, a nurse, and a surgeon.

He was told, as quietly as possible, that he was dying, to which he only replied, "Is it really so? I don't feel very ill." He was asked if we might engage in prayer to God, to which he said he should like it as far as he could collect his thoughts. We then knelt, commending him in earnest prayer to God, to which he gave a hearty "Amen." He lay silent for some time; not a murmur escaped his lips; and he retained the same placid countenance throughout.

Presently I said, "I have no doubt you can say, 'Into Thy hands I commend my spirit; for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.'" He replied, "Most certainly!" "And you can say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly?" He repeated the text, adding, "I shall then be free from sin and sorrow, and for ever with the Lord," or words to that effect. He then engaged in prayer, almost inaudibly; but the last sentence was, "Praised be His holy name for ever and ever." These were his last words. He now rapidly sank. Presently he drew a long, deep sigh, as if his spirit was departing, and then the breathing became feebler; then a pause; then a few more breathings. Another pause, longer than before; again a few more gentle respirations; and then he simply ceased to breathe, at twenty minutes to ten—a little less than five hours after the accident.

We held our breath, overawed. I shall never forget the silence, the solemnity, the holy calm of that dying hour.

Thus passed away suddenly, from the midst of loving friends, one of whom it has been justly remarked, that "Wherever he went his presence was like sunshine; and the sunshine was the reflection of another Presence—even of Him of whom it is said, "In Thy presence is fulness of joy.'" The peace of God which passeth all understanding, and which had sustained him in bereavement, kept him calm and serene in the dark hours of the mutiny, and upheld him in the difficulties and trials of life, enabled him now to triumph over the last enemy—death.

ROBERT COLLYER.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Few of the readers of the Christian Freeman, have heard the story as we have heard him tell it, his face all aglow with love.

"About my first recollection beyond my father and mother was of Willie Hardie, from whom I got all my 'schooling,' save one winter with Mr. Milton. This, and four winters with Willie, before I was eight years old, was all I ever had. Willie was a great chap, though. He was a cripple, and about the worst I ever saw. But the upper part of him was as sound as a sovereign. In those days, by favour, all cripples were fiddlers or teachers. Willie was both. But wasn't he a marksman, too? You might think he had drawn bead on Jem or Jack, twenty feet away, when, bang! came the ferule right at you. There was no use of dodging, either. If you did, it would find you out and thump you all the harder. We boys solemnly swore to thrash him when we got big enough. In '71 myself and a friend went back to Fewston, to thrash him as agreed. We crossed the worn, old threshold of the school-house, and there sat Willie just as we left him. We very sternly asked:—

"Is this Willie Hardie?"

"And if it is?" he answered, cautiously.

"How are you getting along, sir?"

"I'se weel enough, but I doun't know ye?"

"We used to be your scholars; we've come to give you back your thrashings."

"Noa, I guess not," said Willie, instinctively grasping the ferule.

"Then, telling him who we were, we made a rush at him, scuffled him round a bit, and held him till he promised to play us a tune then and there, which he did, and the old fiddle told us about 'Sweet Home' in such a way that I

don't believe there was a dry eye in the old school-house. And so we forgave him his thrashings; adding, after a slight pause, 'but I don't believe Willie is as good a marksman as he was,' and, to me, there was more pathos in his feeble handling of the bow, as crooked and worn as the arm that guided it, than in the most melancholy strains of his fiddle."

FIRST LOVE AND CONVERSION.

"At about twenty-one I fell in love, 'for good and all.' I was married at twenty-three, and lost a precious wife at twenty-five. Then a great darkness came—a void and emptiness that was almost unbearable, and I began groping about for something that I could cling to eternally. I attended the Methodist Chapel more regularly, and one Sabbath I heard a sermon by a local preacher named Bland, who is now in charge of a Methodist Church at Quebec, from the text, 'Blessed and holy are they who have part in the first resurrection.' It struck home. There was no revival going on, and but few signs of religious life in the old chapel; but I hardly ate or slept for three weeks. I prayed without ceasing, and tried hard to find the way to the new life. At last the light came. A great and sudden revelation from God. I am sure about this," said Mr. Collyer, decidedly. "There is no doubt about it. I could go to the spot to-day. Well, I went to the week night meeting and told the Methodists all about it, all I could tell, and they took me on probation, and put me in old Jim Delve's class. The text of my first sermon was, 'As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner.' Oh, I thought I had a capital sermon though!" Here Mr. Collyer's face was ablaze with merriment. "It was in three parts, each, of course, indispensable to the other. They didn't allow a man paper in those days, either. Well, I preached, and their curious eyes were all wide open. I thought I had done splendidly; but when half way back to Ilkley I recollected that I had left the 'secondly' out entirely. I was terribly put out about it. But the joke of it was," said Mr. Collyer, laughing heartily, "that I had stolen my 'secondly' from a fine sermon preached by a Presbyterian clergyman named McChine. I felt the weight of that judgment upon me so heavily that I have never stolen a sermon since."

"Then they were bound to hear me at Ilkley, and the next Sunday I preached from the text, 'Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before them to judgment; and some men's sins follow after them.' All the boys were there, and the girls too, and I thought I had made a great impression.

"The next morning, as I was going to the forge, and thinking over what a grand effect my poor little sermon had had, the old cobbler was hammering away in the shade of his porch, and he called out to me:

"'I say, lad, come here; I ha' summat to say to ye.'

"I went up to the door with a great feeling of pride within me, expecting his congratulations.

"'I heard thaa preach last night,' said he, with a broad grin on his face.

"'Did ye?' says I.

"'I did; and I think thou'lt never make a preacher as long as thaa lives, Bob.'

"This was rather crushing, as the cobbler was a sort of village oracle. I think he saw it in my face, for he immediately added:

"'Now, doan't mistake me, Bob. Thou wants to reason too much. They'll never let thaa do it among the Methodists. Thou may'st lecture, but thaa can never be a preacher.'"

About his change to Unitarianism, he said: He went to America in 1850. He proceeded from New York to Germantown, and at once began working at his old trade at the forge of a hammer factory. Here he worked and preached and saved, and did great mental labour for nine years.

Of this period of his life Mr. Collyer says:—"If possible, I read and studied harder than ever—while the iron was heating, while I ate my meals, from quitting work till bed time, and in the early morning. I formed the acquaintance of James and Lucretia Mott, who came to live near us. I

soon heard her lecture on the Bible and rational religion, and thought she was about right. I felt that the doctrine of total depravity and eternal damnation was untrue. I had fought shy of it all my life. For three or four years there was a struggle in my heart between love for old associations and religious friends and the growing grand solemn assurance of duty. So I quit talking and preaching about it altogether. At last I heard Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, preach on the Nativity of Jesus Christ. I think this sermon clinched my determination to preach a different religion. With God's help I have since done it."

LORD LYTTLETON AND WEST.

Considerably more than a century since, two young men of rank and fortune, liberally educated both of exemplary character and amiable disposition, still were imbued with the scepticism then so prevalent and fashionable; but being of ingenuous minds and well disposed to the investigation of Truth, they determined to search for themselves the Scripture records, and to communicate to each other the result of their labours, each, at the same time, choosing a particular subject for inquiry. These excellent individuals were Mr. West and Mr., afterwards Lord Lyttleton. West took the history of our Lord's Resurrection, Lyttleton that of the Conversion of St. Paul. They sat down, with the utmost seriousness, to their several tasks, and they did not conclude them till the subjects had been thoroughly gone through. The end, in each case, was a complete conviction that the narratives were genuine, and that, consequently, the Faith founded on them was in the highest degree valuable; that Christianity was founded on argument, and that it was of Divine origin. They gave to the world the fruits of their studies, and the two volumes thus produced have ever since been regarded as standard works on the Christian Evidences. As such they deserve and will well repay perusal now; and we do a service in recommending them to the attentive regard of those who may be, yet, halting between two opinions. These and similar writings will show at least this, that the advocates for an historical faith have something to say for themselves; that they have not blindly embraced their creed, nor taken all on trust; but that if, after all, they have erred, it has not been from carelessness or presumption, but after every care has been taken to find and to secure the truth.

THE EGOTISTICAL COUPLE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

We happened the other day, in the course of a morning call, to encounter an egotistical couple, nor were we suffered to remain long in ignorance of the fact, for our very first inquiry of the lady of the house brought them into vigorous and active operation. The inquiry was of course touching the lady's health, and the answer happened to be that she had not been very well. "Oh, my dear!" said the egotistical lady, "don't talk of not being well. We have been in such a state since we saw you last." The lady of the house happening to remark that her lord had not been well either, the egotistical gentleman struck in, "Never let Briggs complain of not being well, never let Briggs complain, my dear Mrs. Briggs, after what I have undergone these last six weeks; he doesn't know what it is to be ill, he hasn't the least idea of it, not the faintest conception." "My dear," interposed his wife, smiling, "you talk, as if it were almost a crime in Mr. Briggs not to have been as ill as we have been, instead of feeling thankful to Providence that both he and our dear Mrs. Briggs are in such blissful ignorance of real suffering." "My love," returned the egotistical gentleman, in a low and pious voice, "you mistake me; I feel grateful, very grateful, indeed. I trust our friends may never purchase their experience as dearly as we have bought ours; I hope they never may!"

Having put down Mrs. Briggs upon this theme, and settled the question thus, the egotistical gentleman turned to us, and after a few preliminary remarks, all tending towards and leading up to the point he had in his mind, in-

quired if we happened to be acquainted with the Dowager Lady Snorflerer. On our replying in the negative, he presumed we had often met Lord Slang, or, beyond all doubt, that we were on intimate terms with Sir Chipkins Glogwog. Finding that we were equally unable to lay claim to either of these distinctions, he expressed great astonishment, and turning to his wife with a retrospective smile, inquired who it was told that capital story about the mashed potatoes. "Who? my dear!" returned the egotistical lady, "why, Sir Chipkins of course; how can you ask? Don't you remember his applying it to our cook, and saying that you and I were so like the Prince and Princess that he could almost have sworn we were they?" "To be sure, I remember that," said the egotistical gentleman, "but are you quite certain that didn't apply to the other anecdote about the Emperor of Austria and the pump?" "Upon my word, I think it did," replied his wife. "To be sure it did," said the egotistical gentleman, "it was Slang's story, I remember now, perfectly." However, it turned out a few seconds afterwards that the egotistical gentleman's memory was rather treacherous, as he began to have a misgiving that the story had been told by the Dowager Lady Snorflerer the very last time they dined there. But there appearing, on further consideration, strong circumstantial evidence to show that this couldn't be, inasmuch as the Dowager Lady Snorflerer had been, on the occasion in question, wholly engrossed by the egotistical lady, the egotistical gentleman recanted his opinion; and after laying the story at the doors of a great many great people, happily left it at last with the Duke of Scuttlewig, observing that it was not extraordinary he had forgotten his grace hitherto, as it often happened that the names of those with whom we were on the most familiar footing were the very last to present themselves to our thoughts.

It not only appeared that the egotistical couple knew everybody, but that scarcely any event of importance or notoriety had occurred for many years with which they had not been in some way or other connected. Thus we learned that when the well-known attempt upon the life of George the Third was made by Hatfield in Drury-lane Theatre, the egotistical gentleman's grandfather sat upon his right hand, and was the first man who collared him; and that the egotistical lady's aunt, sitting within a few boxes of the royal party, was the only person in the audience who heard his Majesty exclaim, "Charlotte, Charlotte, don't be frightened, don't be frightened, they're letting off squibs, they're letting off squibs." When the fire broke out, which ended in the destruction of the two Houses of Parliament, the egotistical couple being at the time at a drawing-room window on Blackheath, then and there simultaneously exclaimed, to the astonishment of a whole party, "It's the House of Lords!" Nor was this a solitary instance of their peculiar discernment, for chancing to be (as by a comparison of dates and circumstances they afterwards found) in the same omnibus with Mr. Greenacre, when he carried his victim's head about town in a blue bag, they both remarked a singular twitching in the muscles of his countenance, and walking down Fish-street-hill a few weeks since, the egotistical gentleman said to his lady—slightly casting up his eyes to the top of the Monument—"There's a boy up there, my dear, reading a Bible; it's very strange; I don't like it." "In five seconds afterwards, sir," says the egotistical gentleman, bringing his hands together with one violent clap, "the boy was over."

These topics they diversified by the introduction of many others of the same kind, entertaining us between whiles with a minute account of what weather and diet disagreed with them, and at what time they usually got up, and at what time went to bed, with many other particulars of their domestic economy too numerous to mention, until they at length took their leave, and afforded us an opportunity of doing the same.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE newspaper, of the 2nd of September, contains a neatly-executed portrait of the Rev. James Martineau, LL.D. Address R. Spears, 19, Mornington-road, Bow-road, London.

THE THIRTEEN SISTERS.

SOME of our readers met with the talented and estimable Mrs. Caroline A. Soule, when in London last year. She preached in one of our chapels while here. We have the following humourous lines from her pen. It appears at a meeting recently held in America, while all have their thoughts turned on the revolt of the thirteen States (sisters), one hundred years ago, a lady proposed—

The Thirteen Sisters this side of the sea,
Who chose cold water instead of hot tea!
Precious to us shall their memory be!
Their broken chains have made us free!
They carried the Cross, they wear the Crown,
And their glorious deeds shall be handed down
By storied page and choral song,
Till banished is every human wrong.

It was replied to by Mrs. Soule,—

There was an old lady lived over the sea,—
Quite away up—in the "North Countrie,"
Many children she had, both large and small,
So many, 'twas hard to manage them all.
With kisses and candy some were bought,
To behave as very good children ought,—
While some were only kept in tune
By the fear they had of a red dragoon.
Yet, on the whole, she managed them well,
And many a fierce little quarrel did quell;
For the best of mothers have trouble, you know,
Their growing children refusing to go
In the paths which their mothers so often said
Were the only ones that to happiness led.
I've been a mother and I know what I say;
Our children want yes, when we tell them nay,
And when we say nay, they say, "O mother, do!"
And we give them their way, when they need—the old shoe!
Now this dear old lady over the sea,
Clever as one of her age could be,
This dear old lady, so well and strong,
And doing a good deal more right than wrong,
Had "thirteen" children—near together
As near—well, as near as warm and hot weather;
And a curious fact I now recall,
There wasn't a boy among them all.
Thirteen girls! Do I hear you say?
And can you give us the reason? Nay;
My own philosophy here is mute;
A daughter comes when 'twould better suit
The father and mother to have a son.
Superfluous girls since the world begun
Have always been putting themselves in the way,
And if asked to leave the longer they stay.

Now this dear old lady over the sea,
Thought those girls of hers drank too much tea,
And made up her mind, if drink they would,
They should pay for the privilege, that they should.
So she laid a tax on each box of tea
That should reach the Thirteen over the sea,
For wide the waters that rolled between
The dear old Dame and the fair Thirteen.
But what think you did those sisters say
When the ship with the tea sailed up the Bay?
They said, and gravely shook their head,
Each leaf shall be to the fishes fed.
And gravely and bravely they emptied that tea,
And watched it as "drawn" by the cold deep sea.
'Twas used, perhaps, by the mermaids fair
As we use sage—to lengthen and thicken their bonnie hair!
But the dear old Lady over the sea,
Vexed as ever a woman could be,
Declared she would those daughters show
That yes meant yes, and no meant no;
She'd make them behave a good deal better,
And so she sent them an arrogant letter,
And the date of that letter—one-seven-seven-five—
Will ne'er be forgotten while either's alive,
For the blood in their veins seemed all of hot lead,
And it rushed in wild currents from foot unto head,
And it never cooled off nor settled quite down
Till the fairest jewel was lost from the Crown;
For dear as that mother had been to them ever,
And hard as it was the sweet tie to sever,
Each Sister declared she'd sooner be dead
Than obey that dear Mother and Tyranny wed.

And the thirteen Sisters this side of the sea,
Who dared in the year one-seven-seven-three,
To empty the tea into the Bay,
And show, that when willing, there's always a way,
And who "stamped" the letter of 'seventy-five,
Those thirteen "old girls" are still all alive,

And when the Fourth of July does come,
You'll see them all leave hearth and home.
Down from the mountain, up from the dell,
As sounds aloud old Liberty Bell,
These thirteen superfluous girls will walk,
And as they go, they will laugh and talk
Of the days gone by, when they were young,
And would't, not one of them, hold her tongue,
But fairly and squarely say that she,
For one, would fight—for one, be free.
And the dear old Lady over the sea,
Trying now Empress of India to be,
Their fair old Mother will laugh and say,
"Those girls would always have their way,
They wouldn't be coaxed, they couldn't be bought,
They never would do what I thought they ought,
But still they've turned out tolerably well,
They're ready to buy all I have to sell,
And I've sometimes thought if I'd one more daughter,
I'd send her away, over the water,
And let her marry and settle there,
And raise up a family, fresh and fair."
Yes, old Mother Britain sends off love's greeting,
When her daughters went up to Centennial Meeting,
And the thirteen superfluous girls are then
The observed of all observing men!

THE GIFT OF SONG.

A TOUCHING story is told of a little girl sent by her parents from Spain, during a time of religious persecution there, to take refuge with some friends in England. The vessel was lost on a rock-bound coast during a severe storm; but the little girl was saved through the efforts of some heroic men. She was too young to tell her story, but by a series of providential events, was brought at last to the house of the friend of her parents, just as, released from imprisonment, they arrived in England to seek their long-lost darling. A familiar tune that the mother had taught to her little girl in former days, became the clue that led to their joyful meeting.

A remarkable incident is that of a Scottish youth, who learned, with a pious mother, to sing the old psalms, that were as household words to them in the kirk and by the fireside. When he grew up he wandered away from his native country, was taken captive by the Turks, and made a slave in one of the Barbary states. But he never forgot the songs of Sion, although he sang them in a strange land and to heathen ears. One night he was solacing himself in this manner, when the attention of some sailors on board an English man-of-war was directed to the familiar tune of "Old Hundred," as it came floating over the moonlit waves. At once they surmised the truth, that one of their countrymen was languishing away his life as a captive. Quickly arming themselves, they manned a boat, and lost no time in effecting his release. What a joy to him after eighteen long years passed in slavery! Should not you think that he would ever after love the glorious tune of "Old Hundred?"

Children, never let your sweet young voices be employed in using profane or unseemly words. Learn many hymns. Good Martin Luther once said, "Singing hymns will keep the devil out of the heart." It is a quaint saying, but it is true. Furnish the mind with good things, and there will be no room for evil. They will be like "nails fastened in a sure place." You know when a nail is driven in tightly you cannot wedge anything else alongside of it. But you may have a tuneful voice and love to sing, and yet remain unaffected by the beautiful words.

WILLIE'S FIRST OATH.

A LITTLE boy came in from school, the other day, looking very unhappy. Was he hurt? No. Had the boys plagued him! No. Had he been in mischief? No. What was the matter with Willie? He hardly spoke at supper time, and ate very little. His mother went up to bed with him, and she asked him again,

"Willie, what ails you, dear?"

"Mother," said he, "mother, I swore. The minute I spoke it I was afraid of God, and ran home. Mother, if I could only wipe those wicked words out of my mouth—if I only could! Pray for me, mother," and Willie sank down upon his knees, and hid his face.

His mother did pray for him, and Willie prayed for himself—prayed to be

forgiven—prayed that he might never, never profane the name of God again.

"I'd rather be dumb all my life long," said Willie, "than to be a swearer."

The next day he asked his mother to write down all the Bible said about profane swearing; he wanted the word of God on the subject; he said he "wanted to study it and stick it on his mind, and carry it about with him everywhere." So she found and copied these texts:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." (Exod. xx. 7.) This is the Third Commandment.

"Ye shall not swear by my name falsely, neither shalt thou profane the name of thy God; I am the Lord." (Lev. xix. 12.)

"Because of swearing, the land mourneth; the pleasant places are dried up." (Jer. xxiii. 10.)

"I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

These are the Lord Jesus' words, in Matthew v. 34, 37.

"Above all things, my brethren," says James, "swear not; neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath; but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; lest you fall into condemnation." (James v. 12.)

"Oh mother," said Willie, in reading them over, "how clear God speaks! How can a man or a boy dare to swear after reading this?"

He learned these Scriptures, and I have written them down for every boy who pleases to learn them also.

THE CALL.

You ask me why I'm restless,
Why I am not content,
Although with friends who love me,
My life of ease is spent?

Half jestingly you chide me,
Because I sometimes sigh.
You think I am unthankful;
Nay, I will tell you why.

It is that 'midst the comfort,
The luxury of life,
A voice is always speaking
Of sin, and want, and strife;
And to my heart it telleth
A tale of sin and woe,
Of human nature fallen
So low, alas, so low!

Amid the noise of daytime,
The stillness of the night,
A voice is always whisp'ring
"Go forth unto the fight—
Go forth unto the battle
With ignorance and sin;
Lift up the weak and fallen,
And bring the wanderers in."

The tempting calls of pleasure
May hush it for awhile,
Yet is it always waiting—
An infant's holy smile,
A soft sweet strain of music,
With wild and sad refrain,
A poem or a picture
Will bring it back again.

If, in the sunny woodlands,
Among the sweet wild flowers,
The waving trees above me,
I dream away the hours,
Rejoicing in the beauty,
The glory of the day,
And still that voice is speaking,
And calling me away.

E'en when, in scenes of gladness,
The sweet harmonious sound
Of music and gay laughter
Fills all the air around,
My thoughts will often wander
To those poor souls outside;
Their voice so loudly calleth
That I hear nought beside.

Outside the pale-faced children
Of want and sorrow stand.
Alas! how often on their brow
Sin's deep and shameful brand.
They travel on to ruin,
Or to an early grave,
I hear them call unto me,
They cry, "O, come and save!"

This voice is always calling
Unto the noble strife,
Each year more loudly crying,
"Thou must give up thy life."
How can I but be restless
When it is calling so;
Dear friends, I must not linger—
Will ye not let me go? M. R.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

SMOKING AND SINGING.—Dr. Parr was very proud of his peal of bells and his choir, and always encouraged the latter to sing a long hymn or an anthem before the sermon, during which he used to steal into the vestry and get his pipe. When they had done the clerk informed him; and if the doctor had not finished, he would say, "John, tell them to sing the last two verses over again; my people love singing, and I love smoking."

LUTHER'S IDEA OF A GOOD PREACHER.—(1) He should be able to teach plainly and in order. (2) He should have a good head. (3) Good power of speech. (4) A good voice. (5) A good memory. (6) He should know when to stop. (7) Be sure of what he means to say. (8) Be ready to stake body and life, goods and glory, on its truth. (9) He should study diligently. (10) And suffer himself to be vexed and criticised by every one.

DESPISING DIGNITIES.—Rev. Mr. Thom, of Glasgow, had a sovereign contempt for civic authorities of all kinds. A portly magistrate having, one Sunday in summer, found his way to the parish church of Govan, overcome by the heat of the weather fell fast asleep during the sermon. In the middle of the discourse a dog which had got into the church most inopportunely set up a howl. "Put out that dog," said the minister; "put out that dog, instantly, he'll waken the Glasgow magistrate."

PRAYERS AND ALMS.—A poor man who had a large family broke his leg, and as he would be for some time destitute of the means of grace, it was proposed to hold a prayer-meeting at his house. The meeting was led by Mr. Brown. A loud knock at the door interrupted the service. A tall, lank, blue-frocked youngster stood at the door with an ox-goad in his hand, and asked to see Mr. Brown. "Father could not attend this meeting," he said, "but he sent his prayers, and they are out in the cart." They were brought in, in the shape of potatoes, beef, pork, and corn. The meeting broke up without the benediction.

A SWEET REASON.—Some one has said there is a sweet reasonableness in Christianity. This was seen in the reply of the late Dr. Eadie, who was once asked by a minister's wife how he became attached to the Secession Church when his father was a member of the Relief. "Oh," said the doctor, "I can easily explain that. Some of the children went with my father and some with my mother; but my father took nothing in his pocket for the 'interval,' while my mother always took bread and cheese—so I went with the bread and cheese!"

A MINISTER'S REVENGE.—A story is told of a Glasgow minister who, having intimated a collection for the Sunday following, stationed himself at the door, expecting they would be more liberal seeing him there. So one man passed and dropped in a halfpenny, then another giving nothing, then another dropping a halfpenny, which brought the expression, "There they go, three a penny—three a penny!"

WHIPPING DOGS AND WAKING SLEEPERS IN CHURCH.—The current number of *Notes and Queries* contains some curious information relative to the permanent provision made in many parishes for the support of a functionary entrusted with the duty of whipping out of church any stray dogs that entered it, as well as rousing up any luckless members of the congregation who might chance to drop off into the land of Nod during a sermon of extra length. In the parish of Chislet, Kent, is a place called "Dog-whipper's Marsh," belonging to Sir J. Bridges, two acres of which are saddled with an annual rent charge of 10s., payable to "a person who is to keep order in the church."

A SLEEPING-GOWN.—A genial professor in one of the Scotch universities has a bright boy of four years, whose only experience in church-going was where the service was in Congregational form. A few Sabbaths since, a relative was to preach in the Episcopal church, and the professor permitted the child to accompany him thither. All went on decorously till the minister, in his white robes, presented himself, when the little fellow, with a tug at his sleeve, very nearly upset the professor's gravity by wonderingly exclaiming, "Papa, does Uncle Joseph sleep here?" Another little fellow—we know him very well—returned home one Sunday from an English church service. He said to his parents, with a little blush on his face, "It was the first time he had seen a preacher preach in his shirt."

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